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THE
NORTHERN STAR:

A
POEM.

1538
51

NOTHING BUT STARS

POEM.

T H E
N O R T H E R N S T A R :
A
P O E M .

Originally publish'd in the Life-time of
PETER ALEXIOVITZ,
Great Czar of *Russia.*

The F I F T H E D I T I O N .

Revised, and Corrected, by the A U T H O R .

Bill, 1800

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-*
noster Row.

M. DCC. XXXIX.

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P. O. E. M.

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Great Court of Russia.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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M. DCC. XXXI.

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TO THE

READER.

HAVING Opportunity, by the present Edition, I prefix a few Paragraphs, concerning the first, hasty, Impressions of this Poem.

It was publish'd, originally, about the Year 1718: and, tho' the Design was profess'd *Panegyric*, I may, with Modesty, venture to say, It was, a *not very politic* perhaps, but an *honest*, Example,—of *Praise without Flattery*.—In the Verse, I am afraid, there was much to be blamed, as too *low*; but, I am sure, there was none of That Fault in the *Purpose*: The Poem having never been hinted, either after, or before
Publi-

Publication, to Any Person, (Native, or Foreigner) who could be supposed to have Interest in, or Concern for, its Subject.

IN Effect, it had, for six Years, or more, been forgot, by myself—and my Country,—when, upon the Death of the Prince it referr'd to, I was surpriz'd by the Condescension of a Compliment, from the *Empress*, His Relict, and immediate Successor: and, thereby, first, became sensible, that the Poem had, by means of some foreign Translation, reach'd the Eye and Regard of That, emphatically, *Great Monarch*, in Justice to whom it was written.

THE Notice, wherewith He was pleas'd to *acknowledge* a Respect, which drew Subject indeed from his Glory, yet had never been address'd to his Person, was (for That single Reason) a Distinction, which a Poet might have thought it no unpardonable Sensibility, to make *public*. Yet, I, who had seen Poems, distinguish'd by *Princes*, which no Subjects had been able to read, without blushing, had Apprehension enough for myself, to have kept

a *Secret* : But, by the very Nature and Design of the Compliment, it's Concealment was out of my Power.—At this Distance of Time, it were, therefore, a *needless* Impertinence, to say Any thing, of so known a Particular ; but I had, some Time ago, the Mortification of reading a mistaken (I am loth to say *malicious*) Insinuation, that the Piece was composed at the solicitation of a Gentleman, of the Country whose *Prince* it relates to:—a FALSEHOOD, of equal Injustice to the *Russian* politeness, and Gratitude, on one Side,—and to an *Englishman's* dis-interested Offering, on the other : who can reverence *Greatness*, in Kings, but their ACTIONS.

It will not, therefore, I hope, be thought insolent, if I declare my Contempt of All *Men*, and All *Customs*, by whose Influence became reasonable, to consider a Poet, as *unal*. Nor will I, in spite of that scandalous Byas of thinking, despair of some readers, who have Generosity to *feel* the inducement I had, for this Preface. But, since the World will be always *divided*, the Delicate and Indelicate have Freedom

dom to judge, at their Pleasure.—For my own Part, as I have been able to profit little, by the *thriving Examples in Fashion* I renounce all Pretence to Resentment against Those who declare I am *dull* : But I will never submit to be treated, as *menial*.

A. HILL

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Rise,
For,

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THE
NORTHERN STAR:
A
POEM.

Born in an Age, when Virtue veils her Face,
And bold *Corruption* turns the Blush on *Grace*;
Where reptile Genius *winds*, at Power's Controll,
And Fortune's whelmy Tides engulph the Soul:
Where Sense by *Flatt'ry*, Shame by *Want*, is weigh'd,
And servile Poets make their Art a *Trade*:
Rise, gen'rous *Muse*! Out-soar the venal View:
For, Praise is *Insult*, where 'tis giv'n *undue*.

Tho' pension'd Fame can fawn, till Fools are taught
 To boast th'imputed Wit, their Brib'ry *bought*,
 Yet, Man, to Man's Respect, is *rais'd*,—not *born*:
 And Dullness, *dignify'd*, but doubles Scorn.
 Ah, *narrow* Hearts! that know not Wisdom's Weight,
 But, impudently, call the Proud, the *Great*!

SPREAD the broad Wings of Truth, impartial Muse!
 Dare a *new* Theme—nor, now, let *Fancy* chuse.
 Serious, and sad, the Faults of Custom *mend*:
 To friendless Genius Fame's due Succour lend.—
 If, in some dusky Corner, thou shalt find
 A ragged Fortune hide a noble Mind,
 Disperse the Cloud; and, be the Labour *thine*,
 To teach the shame-fac'd Virtue, how to shine.

OR, shou'd some Wealth-encumber'd *Churl* with-
 Th'enliv'ning *Use* of unpartaken *Gold*,
 If, meanly proud, the Wretch disdains to weigh
 The wise-man's Wants, against the treasur'd *Clay*,
 With

With ceaseless Satire, *goad* his sneaking Soul;
Till his Pride, suff'ring, gives his Taste *Controll*.

Then, Muse! from Life's *low* Wrongs, indignant,
With loftier Flame, for suff'ring Nations, ^{[turn;} burn.
On *flatter'd Statesmen*, scowl a patriot Eye;
Strip their *badg'd Poets*, when they write, to *lie*:
If, rais'd by Chance, some *Tarnisher* of Sway,
Blund'ring thro' *Shifts*, mistakes th'unwinding Way,
If, lumb'ring clogg'd, he drags, be-mir'd, along,
Cowr's, to be safe,—yet, *injures*, to be strong,
Tell him,—that hair-breadth 'Scapes, and life-long
Buy Power, and Pomp, and Infamy—too ^{[Fear,} dear.

PASS, PASS, these sulph'ry Meteors, of a *Day*;
Their Blaze too dang'rous! and too *lost*, their Way!
On *Suns*, not *Comets*, fix thy *eagly* Ken.
Touch the proud Hearts of *Monarchs*, into *Men*.
Thence, flows *Contagion*:—Light must gen'rate
Or mimic Millions catch the Royal *Blite*. ^{[Light,}

Kings, who *are* Kings, shed Lustre o'er Mankind :
 But, dim-ey'd Princes make whole *Nations* blind,
 —So, godlike CÆSAR rul'd ungrateful *Rome*,
 And short-liv'd *Virtue* shot a *blasted* Bloom :
 But, when lewd NERO stain'd imperial Sway,
Vice, with a rapid Stream, swept Shame away.

LET the low Muse, that strikes the *venal* Strings,
 Tune her tame Lyre, and swell the Pomp of Kings.
 Undreading, *Thou*, where-e'er the Censure falls,
 Enter proud *Palace's* imperious Walls.
 There,—Good, or Evil,—*seize* th'unshadow'd *Fact*—
 And call Truth, *Truth*, however Princes act,

SUBLIMELY fir'd, I snatch the glorious Aim!
 'Twere Great indeed—to give the *Royal*, Fame!
 But,—where, O, spotless Light, of Reason's Eye!
 Where, among *Princes*, wilt thou *Greatness* spy?
 Shall BRITAIN'S *Boast* o'erload my lab'ring Lines?
 No—With *known* Force, domestic Glory shines!

Flatt'ry

Flatt'ry were base : and *needless* the Design,
To say, (to *Angels*)—Heav'n is all *divine*,

NORTHWARD, departing Muse, extend thy Flight—
There, a *New Sun* inflames the Land of *Night*.
There, Arts and Arms the Worlds *Fifth Empire*
There, dateless Times shall hail my *Prophet* praise.
Thy *Line*, Great CZAR! shall stretch that shorten'd
To more than CÆSAR's Power : and All his Fame.
Taught, by thy *Plans*, to reign, victorious, still,
And length'ning down, through *Time*, thy deathless
Legions, of *Kings*, shall wait *their* doomful Nod :
As Hosts, from *Moses*, watch'd th'inspiring God!

O! Pride, celestial, of my Muse's Praise!
Thou! best invok'd!—inspire my rising Lays.
Kindle my glowing Soul, with Fires, like Thine :
And *lend me Light*—to make my Off'ring shine!
Tho' right to mark, how tow'ring *Eagles* fly,
Asks the try'd Sharpness of an *Eagle's Eye* ;

Tho'

Tho' high-rais'd View can, best, a Prospect *show*,
 Which He but *ill describes*, who stands too low;
 Yet, if, aspiring to the Theme,— I feel
 Thy Glory's Love *propell* my trembling Zeal,
 O! Prince! the grateful Arrogance *forgive*;
 No genuine Muse, so charm'd,— can, *silent*, live!

PERISH the Pride, in *poor* Distinction shewn,
 That makes Man blind, to Blessings *not his own*!
Briton and *Russian* differ, but in *Name*:
 In *Nature's* Sense, All Nations are the *same*.
 One World, divided, *distant Brothers* share:
 And Man is *Reason's* Subject—*every-where*.

So,—does dark *Nile's* mysterious Torrent stray
 And oozy Wealth, in annual Flood, convey?—
Memphia's rich Plains imbibe th'impregnate Flow:
 And pleas'd *Egyptians* see proud Harvests grow.
 Yet, while, on *Egypt*, partial Harvests smile,
Egypt's glad Sons engross not *All their Nile*:

Egypt, and All the World, the River *claim* :
w; *Egypt*, in *Influence* : and the World, in *Fame*.
So, *Russia* feels her CZAR's intensest *Heat* :
But, the warm'd *World* his distant *Brightness*, greet.
live! AGES, obscurely lost to flighted *Fame*,
Robb'd the dim Empire of it's buried *Name* !
a, One *City's* Bounds usurp'd her Monarch's Rights,
u! And shrunk his Thousand States, to MUSCOVITES!
Un-measur'd *Realms* lay hid, in noiseless *Reign* :
And RUSSIA cover'd Half the World—in *vain* !
Till rip'ning Time This *Giant-Genius* sent ;
Divinely fiz'd—to suit His Crown's *Extent* !
He breath'd prolific *Soul*! inspir'd the Land:
ray And call'd forth *Order*, with directive *Hand*.
— Then, Power's whole *Energy*, at once, spread, wide:
ow: And old *Obstruction* sunk, beneath it's *Tide*.
v. Then, shad'wing All, the dread *Dominion* rose;
Which, late, no *Hope*,--and now, no *Danger* knows!

8 THE NORTHERN STAR.

DID not, O Prince! thy Love of *Art's* soft Charm
Suspend the keener Influence of thy *Arms*,
Astonish'd *Europe*, envious of thy Sway,
Must wink malignant, in thy Stream of *Day*!
But, 'tis *thy* generous Task, to steer thy Reign
'Twixt the two wide Extremes--of *mean*, and *vain*
To teach fierce Conqu'rors, All, that *Arts* bestow:
Yet, hold back *Arms*, till Justice names the Foe.

Not so, *of Old*,--when, stern in horrid Arms,
The *needy North* pour'd forth her *Gothic* Swarms;
Roughly, They *warr'd*, on Arts they cou'd not taste
And, blindly, laid the Tracks of Learning *waste*.
This, Heav'n remember'd: and, with kind Command
Call'd for *Atonement*, from the barb'rous Land.
The Prince, disdainful of his Country's Crime,
Guiltless, springs forward—to un-curse the *Clim*
And, nobly just, has *taught* the Nations more,
Than the World's Empire ruin'd—*lost*, before!

How

How *vast* the Engine! --and the Force how *great*!
 That could so swiftly move such pond'rous Weight!
 Enormous *Boast* of Kings! who, — tho' his Reign
 Stretch'd Empire's endless Line, from *Main*, to *Main*,
 Counts not his Greatness, by his Country's *Length*,
 Nor, from dependent Millions, *steals* his Strength:
 But, to *Himself* (like Heav'n) his Effluence owes:
 And gives -- not *takes* -- what Pow'r, from *Number*,
[flows!]

BORN, for Eternal *Growth* — and stor'd with
[Schemes,
 For whit'ning Time, with ever-blooming Themes,
 Wonders on Wonders gild a glowing Land,
 That, almost, ow'd *Distinction* to his Hand!
 From frozen Climes, where Nature, stiff with *Cold*,
 Nourish'd no Hope; and Time in *Tears* grew old:
 Warm'd by the Monarch's Worth, we rising saw
 Springs of gay *Virtue* — and ripe Fruits, of *Law*!

DOUBLY supreme! — *Thy* unrestrain'd Controul
 Directs the Body — and *impow'rs* the Soul!

How C While

10 THE NORTHERN STAR.

While vulgar Kings their Views *supinely* scan,
And limit what they *would*, by what they *can*,
Thy nobler Power, with *more than mortal* Sway,
Commands—and makes Men *able*, to obey!

TRANSPORTING Thought!—Let me indulge it
Hence, Realms grow *mighty*! and their Influence ^[long.]
Ah! why, by Civil Broils, should Patriots bleed, ^[strong!]
For Parts in Pow'r, they nor *enjoy*, nor *need*?
Less factious Subjects *happier Freedom* share;
Mis-reckon'd *Slaves*—in such a Sovereign's Care.
Slaves are blind Bust'lers, who, deceiv'd by *Names*,
Promote, unknowingly, their *Spoiler's* Aims:
Who (told, Sedition sets a Nation *free*)
Hug the new Chain—and call it *Liberty*.
Then—waking gall'd, beneath th'incumbent Weight,
Grind a curb'd Curse—and *bear* th'impos'd Deceit.

If just *Athenians*, by a *Theseus* led,
Their scatter'd Country's Strength-uniting Head!

To lasting Praise, consign'd his cherish'd Fame,
And, conscious of his Bounty, blest his *Name* ;
If hard *Lycurgus*, now, immortal grown,
Sheds deathless Glory, round a *Realmless* Throne :
If, *Romulus*! Thy Mem'ry triumphs, still,
For teaching *Rome* to rob, with safer Skill ;
For reining Rapine in, from private Harms,
To mightier Mischief, in *confed'rate* Arms :
What Praise, prodigious CZAR! shall dare to tread,
In awful Circles, near *Thy* sacred Head?
To whom, not *one* small Portion singly kneels,
In Thanks for sep'rate Benefits, It feels :
But, Nations, numberless as *Lybian* Sands,
Share the long Bounties of thy reaching Hands——
Thy Hands!——to whom, delighted with thy Praise,
God gave not Thrones, to reign on——but, to *raise*!

THY catching Lustre fires the North's wide Soul ;
And *thaws* the icy Influence, of the *Pole*.

The shaggy *Samoi'd*, shaking off his Snow,
 Warms his cold Breast, with new Desire, to *know*.
 The rugged *Tartar*, from whose swarthy Bands
 A Gloom of Horror *us'd* to shade thy Lands,
 Charm'd by thy gen'rous Daring, checks *his own*:
 Assumes new *Nature*,—and adorns thy Throne.
 Beams of young Learning, active as the Wind,
 Radiant, flame out, and light up half Mankind:
 Stern Superstition's misty Cloud, dispell'd,
 Quits her chief Throne, thro' long, dark, Ages, held:
 And *Russian Arms* a glitt'ring Terror cast,
 O'er Realms, where scarce the *Russian Name* had past!

BLUSH, ye bought Bards! of our degen'rate Days,
 Whom Pension prostitutes, to High-way Praise:
 Who fear it fruitless, for a Muse to *roam*,
 Thence, poorly, pin your venal Hearts *at home*!
 The World's *my* Country: born, no Matter where--
Man is a Denizen—of Earth, and Air:

Native Grin'd

Native to Truth, 'tis His, *All* Worth, to *show* :
 And *love* the hostile Virtues, of a *Foe*.

AH! how too weak, my willing Verse pursues,
 And flags beneath, new Heights, of op'ning Views!
 Touch my charm'd Heart, Thou! God! that didst
His Force! -and let me feel th' impulsive Fire. ^[inspire]
 Sunk, amid Fens, in Fortune's *stagnate* Tract,
 And, curs'd, myself, with Want of Pow'r, to *act*,
 Let me, at least, *describe*, with conscious Blaze:
 And, from another's Triumph, force *some* Praise.

O! Great, Eternal Pow'r, that bounds our Minds,
 What circling *Darkness*'s human Foresight, blinds!
 Where are the lost Effects of Statesmens Dreams?
 Whose erring Envy spun such *Cobweb Schemes*!
 Long,—each vain Terror beat *one* devious Road;
 And sigh'd, at growing *France*, with false Forebode:
 While, unobserv'd, th' exulting *Northern Bear*
 Grin'd over *General Empire*, rising, *THERE*!

HENCE-

HENCEFORTH, let none the Strength of State
 Nor what they *may* be, judge, from what they *are*.
 Low the *Lord's Genius*, all his *Realm's* the same:
 The King's Breast *wid'ning*, swells his Throne to
 Then, Pow'r effulging, distanc'd Equals find
 That Man's whole, boundless, *Diff'rence* dwells in
 This Truth,--dread Dark'ner of each Rival Throne
 Well has thy Life's long Tract of Wonders shown.
 What sudden *Fleets* have shadow'd distant Seas,
 With Flags, that *start* to Power, and scorn *Degree*
 Gloomng at Pleasure every hostile Shore,
 Far-trembling Nations hear new Thunders roar.
 Th' intrepid *Swede* does Fortune's *Change* upbraid
 And sees th' assaulted Enemy *invade* !
 The *Dane* finds Gratitude too weak for Fear :
 And hates his *Helper's* Strength, display'd too near
 The furrow'd *Baltic* a new Lord obeys ;
 And to *strange Keels* reluctant Homage pays.

The Virgin *Caspian* He, bold Lover! wooes;

Nor vainly, for her envy'd Favour sues:

Grasp'd to his Wish, she has her Love confess'd—

And giv'n him Leave to wander o'er her Breast,

Persia's heap'd Wealth shall her huge *Portion* be:

And *India's* Sovereigns give HER Lord the Knee.

FROM nameless Outlets,—Endless Naval Hosts

Black'ning, still more, the fable *Euxine's* Coasts,

Shall teach the *PORTE's* Imperial Walls to shake:

And the fell *Sultan's* Iron Scepter break.

Grecia's lost *Soul* shall be restor'd, by Thee!

Great Saver! —Setting Empire's *Genius* free!

Then, *Hellepont*, whose Stream indignant glides,

And a subjected World's *Two Bounds* divides;

Shall feel, while reaching *Both*, Thy Thunder roars,

EUROPE and ASIA trembling, to Her Shores!

Then, may thy floating Empire's conqu'ring Sweep

New-greet vast *Russia*, round th' *Atlantic* Deep.

So,

So, spring the Seeds of Pow'r, when wisely sown!
 So, pregnant *Genius* plans the future Throne!
 Mean while, Great *Founder*! gath'ring Strength,
 They spread thy Glory, who thy Arms oppose. [from Blows,
 The self-priz'd Lords of CHINA's boastful Land
 Feel their Pride shrink, beneath Thy *bord'ring* Hand!
 The trackless *Wilds*, which Both vast States disjoin,
 Are, ev'n when arm'd with shiv'ring *Winter*, Thine!
 O'er Realms of *Snow* Thy furry Squadrons fly:
 And bring, at Ease, the dreadful Distance *nigh*!
 In vain oppos'd, th' enormous WALL they see:
 Proclaim'd *Defiance* can but *quicken* THEE!

ZEMLA's white Cliffs,—Eternal Hoards of *Frost*!
 Where proud *Discov'ry* has, so oft, been *lost*!
 Thro' ev'ry Period of the World, till now,
 Have *check'd* All Keels, that would Those Oceans
 Nature's *last* Barrier! They, All Search withstood: [plow
 And bound Ambition up,—in freezing Blood!

Reserv'd

Reserv'd by Heav'n,—and for Thy Reign design'd,
 Thy piercing Eye shall That dark PASSAGE find:
 Or, East's and West's embracing Confines, *shown*,
 JOIN Two emerging Worlds; --and Both, Thy own.

STOP, headlong Muse! — Ah! whither wouldst
 Look down, with Caution, on the *Depth* ^{[thou go?} below!
 Prospects too *vast* the rash Presumer fright;
 And, dazzling, wound an uncollected Sight.
 Congratulate, a while, our *Church's* Gain:
 And, mingling Joy, relax thy *Wonder's* Strain.

SHALL, then, at last, beneath propitious Skies,
 The *Cross*, triumphant, o'er the *Crescent* rise?
 Shall we behold Earth's long-sustain'd Disgrace
 Reveng'd, in Arms, on *Osman's* haughty Race?
 Shall *Christian Greece* shake off a Captive's Shame?
 And look, unblushing, at her *Pagan* Fame?
 'Twill be.—Prophetic *Delphos* claims Her own;
 Hails Her *new Cæsars* —on the *Russian* Throne.

Athens shall teach, once more! — Once more, aspire!
 And *Spartan* Breasts re-glow, with martial Fire!
 Still, still, *Bizantium's* bright'ning Domes shall shine!
 And rear the ruin'd Name of *Constantine*!

TRANSCENDENT Prince! — How *happy* must thou be!
 What canst Thou look upon, *unblest*'d by Thee?
 What inward Peace must That calm Bosom know,
 Whence conscious Virtue does so strongly flow!
 Each Fame, of *Ages past*, in Ruins lies:
 How *timely* therefore does Thy Greatness rise!
 To fire forgetful Thrones with Thirst of Praise;
 And build *Example*, for these *feeble* Days!

SUCH, are the *Kings*, who make God's Image shine,
 Nor blush, to dare assert their *Right Divine*!
 No earth-born *Byas* warps their climbing Will:
 No Pride their Pow'r — no Av'rice whets their
 They poise each Hope, which bids the *Wise* obey: ^{[Skill.}
 And shed broad Blessings, from their widening Sway.

To raise th'Afflicted, stretch the healing Hand:
 Drive crush'd Oppression from each rescued Land,
 Bold in alternate Right, or sheathe, or draw,
 The Sword of *Conquest*—or the Sword of *Law*.
 Spare, what resists not; what opposes, *bend*:
 And govern, cool, what they with Warmth, defend.

How blest'd were Man! would Heav'n, here-
 That *All* Earth's Princes should be form'd like These!
 With it, O Muse!—howe'er the Wish be *vain*.
 It gives *some* Joy, to hope th'*unlikeliest* Gain.

ADIEU—dread Flame! that bids the *Pole* out-
 The torrid Brightness of the burning *Line*! [shine
 Drawn by thy beamy Force, I still would gaze:
 But, my Eyes *ake*, beneath th'oppressive Blaze.
 Descend, rash Muse!—'tis *decent*, to retire:
 Thy Fall were dang'rous, if thy Flight were *higher*.

THOU, too, Great Prince! *forbear* th' ador'd *Excess*!
 Rest—for thy *Life*: and make thy Glory *less*.
 Heav'n must *reclaim* thee--nor thy Absence *bear*--
 When Earth yields *no new Wonder*, worth Thy Care.

MOURN'D, the near Prospect!—yet, not
 There *are*—whose humbler Glory ^[mourn'd by ALL!] *waits* Thy Fall.
 When Thou, Great Sun of Royalty! shalt *set*,
 And pay sad Nature's last, and surest, Debt:
 Then, Earth's *low* Lords may boast *their* poor
 And ev'ry upstart Twinkler think—He ^[Designs:] *shines*!

THEN, when *no more* Thy Wonders wake
 But dying Envy leaves *Delight* behind, ^{[Mankind,}
Here, while Thy Steps admiring Ages trace,
 Where shall Amazement, *first*, Encomium place?
 Arduous Decision!—*which* most Honour won?
 Thy *Actions*!—or the *Speed*, with which they're ^[done]

WHEN ROME, that glitt'ring, that immortal Name!
 Aspir'd to *Rule*, and panted after *Fame*;
 Age copying Age spun Lengths of *patient* Will,
 And *eke'd* th' oft-breaking Thread, with lab'ouring
 Nor, till Seven Hundred hard-press'd Years were ^{[Skill:}
 The late-propitious Fortune smil'd, at last. ^{[past,}
 Not such slow Rise, O Prince! Thy RUSSIA fears:
 Thou dragg'st not Glory from such *Depth* of Years.
 At once resolv'd, *at once*, the Columns rise,
 Which lift thy dreadful Fabrick to the *Skies*!
 Form, and Degrees, let *bounded* Spirits need:
 Thy Soul, *excentric*, moves with in-bred Speed!
 Makes Nature *shake*! and raises, in a *Day*,
 What, with less Ease, in *Ages*, shall decay!

So, when young TIME its first great *Birth-Day*
 And huddled Nature, yet, in *Chaos* slept; ^{[kept,}
 Th' eternal WORD, to set Distinction free,
 But spoke th' almighty *Fiat*—LET THERE BE.

Millions

22 THE NORTHERN STAR.

Millions of Ways, the starting Atoms flew;
Like clung to *Like*—and sudden ORDER grew:
Struggling in Clouds, a while, *Confusion* lay—
Then died at once: and lost itself in *Day*.

The E N D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shortly will be Publish'd,

THE
LION *of the* **NORTH;**

OR,

FRANCE weigh'd with *RUSSIA*,

IN THE

BALANCE of NATURAL POWER.

CONTAINING

An Impartial and Serious COMPARISON
between the Two STATES;

IN

Their POLICY, their STRENGTH, and their
PURPOSES,

With the Probabilities of their FUTURE Events,
as they may concern the Interests of *EUROPE*
in general.